

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Hip-Hop (RBG Mix)"

You are listening to the sounds of the RBGs, Turn Off The Radio, tune your frequency.
This is DPz nigga, Revolutionary But Gangsta, holla back!

Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop
(Come again...break them chains, come on!)
Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop
(Break them chains, come on!)

Who shot 2Pac? If we don't get them they gon get us all
I'm down for runnin up on them crackas in the City Hall
We ride for yall, all my dogs stay real
nigga don't think these record deals gon feed your seeds and pay your bills because they not
Emcees get a little bit a lovin think they hot
Talkin bout how much money they got, nigga all your records sound the same
I'm sick of that fake thug R&B rap scenario all day on the radio
Same scenes in the video, monotonous material, yall don't here me though
These record labels slang our tapes like dope
You can be next in line and signed and still be writing rhymes and broke
You rather have a Lexus? or justice?
a dream or some substance?
a Beamer a necklace or freedom?
See a nigga like me don't play a hate, I just stay awake it's real hip hop
and it don't stop till we get these crackers off out block! (C'mon)

We be DP RBG for life, TURN OFF THE RADIO!
The revolution won't be televised, TURN OFF THAT BULLSHIT!
We be DP RBG for life, TURN OFF THE RADIO!

One thing bout music when it hit you feel no pain
white folks take control of your brain, I know better than that
that's game and we ready for that
Two soldiers head of the pack, matter of fact who got the gat?
And where my army at?
Rather attack and not react
back to beats it don't reflect on how many records get sold
on sex drugs and rock-n-roll
whether your projects' put on hold
In the real world, it's just people with ideas
They just like me and you when the smoke and camera disappear
Again the real world
it's bigger than all these fake-ass records
When po' folks got the millions and my sisters' disrespected
If you "Check 1-2" my word of advise to you is just relax
Just do what you got to do, if that don't work then kick the facts
If you a fighter, ryder, biter, flame-ignitor, crowd-exciter, Or you wanna
jus' get high, then just say it
But then if you a liar-liar, pants on fire, wolf-crier, agent wit' a wire I'm

gon' know it when I play it
It's bigger than..

Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop (We be DP RBG for life) TURN OFF THE RADIO!
Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop (the revolution won't be televised) TURN OFF THAT
BULLSHIT!

Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop (We be DP RBG for life) TURN OFF THE RADIO!
The revolution won't be televised TURN OFF THE RADIO!

My neck...my back...they put a noose on my neck and whips on my back!
My neck...my back...you got a tie around your neck but they breakin your back!
My neck...my back...they put a noose on my neck and whips on my back!
My neck...my back...and if you got BLING on your neck you better watch your back!

Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop..
(nigga it's bigga then) Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop..
(it's still bigga then) Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop..
(nigga it's bigga then) Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop...TURN OFF THE RADIO!

Word up! Eyes open fist clenched. Dare to struggle dare to win
Goin out to all the ryders
RBG love, that's Revolutionary But Gangsta!
Word up! My whole team! [?], D-Don,
Stik Daddy Dolla\$, Maintain hold strong!
Fred Hampton, Jr., we got they eyes on them
We know they got they eyes on you, word up, everybody doin time
Minimum, medium...maximum, super maximum security concentration camps
All the ryders we right there with you!
RBG LOVE! It's goin out like that!
Everybody, push that middle finger up in the air
to George Bush if you know what time it is!
Yeah! Turn off the motherfuckin radio!